

# CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

REPLAINING  
CREATIONS, SUBVERSIONS, REDEMPTIONS, AND  
HARMONIES.

AND  
THEIR RELATIONS TO EACH OTHER.

WITH COPIOUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART I.

REASON AND RELIGION.

OR, THE BIBLE ADVOCATE.

(Continued.)

10. By all this, it is evident that, to have harmony of minds, and thus concordant actions, there must be a common tie of minds, and a common arbiter of actions. Among minds, there must be a primary mind; among souls, a most important soul; among bodies, a central body; and among men, a primary man. And also among books, a most important book; among manifestations, a like manifestation; and among mediums, a most perfect medium; also among monitors, a highest monitor. These things being so, and who can deny it; or who dare dispute it? Then we ask, which among books is that most important book? and who, among men, is that primary man, around whom all men may and can cluster? We answer distinctly and unequivocally, "The Bible is that most important book; that manifestation, above all other manifestations; the palladium of truth, justice and harmony; and that the Lord Jesus Christ was, and still is, that living, primary or central man, endowed with that most elevated plane of mind, the medium or mediator, up to whom other mediums must look, as pupils to their preceptors, and from whom, as highest mind, and centre of harmony, as 'branches from the true vine,' they derive their sap and nourishment, and around whom only, as standing common to all, all men can and will be harmonized."

11. We propose, through mediums, preparing for this work, not only to maintain before any and all gainsayers, cavillers and skeptics, that the Bible is what it claims to be, but we intend, in due time, as soon as the world of mankind shall be prepared to receive truly, and use rightly, such things, to demonstrate them as certainly, and in such a manner, that there will be no more room for a truly rational man to doubt the harmony of the Bible, with Nature itself, than for a pupil to doubt the truth of his multiplication table, or the learned scholar the demonstrations of Euclid. If God gave to man such certainties as the exact sciences to direct him, in relation to the things of his body, his food, his clothing, his money, houses, lands, and medicine, would it not seem to be a great omission in the All-wise, not to give him equal certainties in relation to his mental developments, involving his eternal progress and everlasting happiness, as soon as he can properly use such a science of sciences? Such information is withheld from the impure and ignorant, for similar reasons that edged tools are kept from children, who know not how to use them, and might cut themselves ignorance.

12. We assert, without the fear of successful contradiction, that under the teachings of no other book but those of the Bible, seen in their true light, and divine agreement with the harmonies of Nature itself, can men ever be all harmonized. The principles of development, by which the universe exists, called the laws of Nature, both material and Spiritual, are the Word (the works) of God, written in characters unchangeably indelible. The acts of the Infinite are his speech; for "actions speak louder (more certainly) than mere words." In this case, as in all other cases. By this standard of Natural principles, duly considered in relation to each other, are we willing the Bible shall be judged, and let it, either wholly or in part, stand or fall, agreeably to its agreements with, or departures from, the fixed laws of Nature, which "he who runs may read."

13. We will not take the Bible to be what it does not claim or profess itself to be. We will neither let bigots, nor fanatics, either religious or irreligious, sectarian or infidel, be authority for us, as to what is in and what is not in the Bible. Let the Bible have fair play (and who wishes that it shall not have?) and it will not only stand unscathed, but it will stand far above any position it has ever maintained among men of earth. It is a creature of God, and as such, has claims upon our charitable protection from abuse and to leniency of judgment. Let it have these, and it will be seen, according to the idioms of the languages in which it was written, and other affecting circumstances, plainly stamped on its own face, to run parallel with Nature itself, that it contains the true philosophy of development, and fundamentals of harmony, which no other book does, or can do, will be clearly seen, and then it will be embraced, venerated and obeyed as it should be, and as Nature ought to be, but not externally idolized, as some have idolized the Bible, and others do Nature in their fanatical zeal.

14. The order of development, salvation and harmony, will be seen written in indelible characters upon all Nature, and the Bible will be seen to be an epitome, transcript, or synopsis of her laws, so that a man may study and appreciate his relations to God, to man, and to creation, and thus become truly rational and truly religious, without having to depend upon other men, or books of Philosophy, science and art, to know what concerns his salvation from subversive discords. Yes; all the important principles of Nature are so epitomized in the Bible, that a man may carry the ample means of his truly rational education in his pocket, study them as he walks by the way-side, or reposes in a grove, kneels in his closet, enjoys a family circle, or lies upon his bed!

15. The Bible properly appreciated, and man will not be obliged to dig in the earth, dive in the ocean, make chemical experiments, or in other words spend a whole life, as now, in just beginning

to know how to live, for in such a predicament is every one without it. It has been the neglect of this important book, as a common intellectual tie among men, and a want of knowledge of what it really contains, that has produced the sectarian inharmonious now among Christians.

16. Perhaps some *quid nunc* in science might say, "Go to books of philosophy, chemistry mineralogy and sciences in general, and not to the Bible." Then you advise mankind to be ridden by a more tyrannical, and uncertain set of priests than those of the schools, of which you complain! You might as well be priest-ridden as ridden by hungry book-making and book-vending chemists, mineralogists and philosophers, as you most assuredly would be, if the books they write are to be taken as the final of disagreements. Estimate them and their books to be mere aids to that which is higher and better than themselves, as they ought to be estimated, unless you seek confusion worse confounded. We appeal in behalf of the Bible to the laws of Nature, viewed in their fulness, and not by piecemeal, because there are more of the laws of harmony to be seen in the hatching of one chick, the development of one animal, or in the growth of one tree, than men can ever dig out of the earth, fish out of the seas, or spy out in the azure vault above them."

17. Another may say, "Are there not Spiritual manifestations to set this matter right?" The manifestations of Spirit-messengers (angels) like books of science, are aids to men, to aid them in properly understanding both the principles of Nature and the Bible, but by no means are they final arbiters. Spirits out of the body, as mere Spirits, agree no better than Spirits in the body. Neither Spirits who carry material bodies, nor Spirits who have laid them down, can agree one whit farther than they harmonize in respect to a common tie among them. No universal harmony can exist until men come to that universal standard, the order in heaven written in the works (Words) of the Infinite, and epitomized (fitted) in the Bible. If you depend upon what a Spirit says, merely because it is a Spirit who says it, when you would not believe the same words, if spoken by men, you are in the infancy or childhood of these movements, and believe as children believe parents and teachers, not from their own rational convictions, but because they are told so. Such states in the commencement of progress are proper, and as in children and youths, perfectly excusable and serviceable, but if you carelessly, or fanatically, continue in these states, when you ought to look to higher and better things, as standards of truth, you become Spirit-ridden, and might with equal safety be priest-ridden. There is no safety in progress, but in the use of the best rationality men are possessed of, with sincere and continued desires and prayers to be let rightly, and learn truth for its own intrinsic worth, because it enables its possessor to do good. Such a state of mind will bring around circles and mediums, high Spirit messengers, who have made such progress on earth, or in Spirit-land, and such will be better able than the more ignorant, to teach truly, and guide men rightly, in acquiring to themselves the true rationality, in the discovery of their true relations to God, to men, and to creation. Those angels will also infuse from their love, true affections for those relations, so wisely developed by the All-wise, and those both knowing and loving those relations truly, they will themselves be elevated into truly religious duties, and thus promote universal harmony and happiness.

18. Our best affections and best epithets and de-nominations, ought to be reserved for our God and His divine order, by which we may forever climb to the heights of rationality, religion and bliss. Men should be much more concerned about the *states* of circles and mediums than about the mere fact of receiving manifestations from Spirits because truly good states will be security for true manifestations, while adverse and indifferent states in circles, and mediums will afflictive low, undeveloped Spirits. These, coming in rapport with mediums, may manifest through them to the world, and as no stream can rise higher than its fountain, such Spirits to such circles, through such mediums, must make, if any, like manifestations. Elevated Spirits will use elevated language, if any, leaving low, obscene and profane language to be used, if at all, by kindred Spirits. Let mediums be rightly concerned about the kind of language as well as of matter they manifest from their Spirit-monitors, whether they manifest when they are conscious or unconscious, and about what kinds of parts they play in dramatic exercises, lest other Spirits present, should perceive what kind of company they keep in their normal conditions.

19. In this connexion, it is well to say that all the powers and sensations of men are by means of their Spirits, and by no means in virtue of their material bodies. Material bodies are as dead while Spirits carry them, as after they are laid in their graves. In respect to the mental, intellectual, and Spiritual functions, the material body takes no active part, and hence the disembodied Spirit is precisely the same intellectually and Spiritually, as it was before it left the body, until it shall have progressed, for, "As the tree falls, so it lies." Thus it may be clearly seen that the manifestations of Spirits ought to be treated, judged of, and concluded about charitably, in the same manner, as if the same words had been spoken by some earthly person, with whom those who receive them were just as well acquainted, and to whom they might stand in the same nearness of affection. True rationality and honesty of intentions, are the only reliable safeguard against the impositions of selfish men and selfish Spirits. Each one ought, for his or her own sake, as well as for the sakes of those they love, to desire good and true influences and precepts. No others are truly valuable.

20. There is, among men who believe in Spirit manifestations, a confirmed sectarianism springing up. This lowers all those in the estimation of those sectarians who happen to differ from them respecting some man, thing or principle. Some set up some favorite dogma of their own liking, and believe all Spirits impostors, and all mediums unreliable, whose manifestations seem to militate against those dogmas, whether those dogmas were instituted in their minds by Spirit manifestations to themselves as mediums, or to and through others as such, or whether they were the consequence of some fanatical basis in favor of some truth, error,

person or thing, previously or independently received.

21. A few words to Spiritualists in general. Do not be anxious to correct the errors of the World, of the Bible, of religious sects, or of each other. Let each and all be concerned to correct, in the first place, his or her own errors, and in the next place, those of their most intimate and most loved friends. Let Spiritualists "remove the beams from their own eyes, so that they may see clearly to pluck the splinters out of the eyes of their neighbors, and having been relieved of sin themselves, they will be better entitled to 'cast stones' at those they accuse. The religious sects are doing good to their own members in keeping them from listless idleness, if from no other vice. Their members have as good a right to choose their religion as any other people, and if they had not, what have Spiritualists now, of progress or harmony, to offer to them in lieu of their own chosen forms and dogmas? Would it not be very unwise in them to pull off and throw away their old vestments, before they find those that will be sure to fit and suit them better? It is to be hoped Spiritualists will not sanction the errors of the sects, by either thought, word or action, but let them be cautious, lest they might rail out against things misunderstood, to their own confusion afterward, as that would be practising upon one of the worst errors of the sects. Would not the best way to eradicate error in the world, be to speak and practice true principles in it? Would not this be one hundred fold more likely to win sensible men to our cause, than would harping upon, and vituperating about, their errors, as if we had to account to God for those errors? This can only be the case, when we see clearly that it is our duty to God and his harmonies, for us to do charitably, all we can to correct them. Talk is but talk, and ends in nothing better, with all who have no soundness of principle to guide them. Not so in those who have a righteous and rational concern about their own obedience to correct precepts.

## ILLUSTRATIONS TO PART I.

(Continued.)

No. 10, *l.* This, if we do not greatly mistake, is taking the stand that sooner or later will be taken by all Spirits, embodied and disembodied, for "At the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess to God." Bowing at the name of Jesus is submitting to become like, or reverencing the use of Jesus. (See No. 37 below.) Jesus means the Savior or Redeemer, and to bow to or reverence the principles of redemption which will produce harmonies out of "subversions" in all "creations" of the universe, is bowing at the name of Jesus. This will be the final result of that law of order which is the Infinite everywhere manifested, and which is unchangeable. That which is *subverted* or *subverted* later, conquer all that is opposed to it, and make it a "bow" or come into harmony with itself. Every man, as he comes into harmony, bows his knee at the name (use) of Jesus, whether he knows it or not, and the sooner he does so, is the better for himself, and to "confess to God" is to act and speak as if he believed it.

2. Jesus of Nazareth, as we shall most assuredly in future be able to show, beyond a doubt, was, and still is, the mundane representative or parallel of that principle among men, which will redeem, or bring all things into harmony, "whether they be in heaven or in earth."—*Paid.* That harmonizing principle was an emanation from the Infinite, in like manner was Jesus, and so are all men, in a remote degree; but Jesus was, and still is, the central or most perfect man or representative of the harmonizing manifestation or activity of God in the flesh; a standard of harmony for us to measure the values of the differences among men by. He is the real Emmanuel, or "God with us," "upon whose shoulders the government will rest." He is "the true vine and door of the sheepfold." All men may, can, and sooner or later will, follow him as their centre and standard of virtue, whom they will love to reverence and call their Lord, and Master, thus "confessing to God."

No. 11, *l.* This must be glorious news to all Christians who believe it true, and see the necessity of a standard measure of harmonies, by which men can see which is the more, and which the less harmonious, and which the more, and which the less discordant. That such a standard measure is necessary, must be clear to all, even the most superficially scientific. By whom, or how this is to be done, is quite another question, and of no importance in comparison with the facts promised. Many mediums will be employed in this great work, and it may take much time to make the full development. Among those mediums, whose mission it will be to aid in this development, will be a central medium, as we deduce from the universal law, that every circle *must* have a centre.

No. 12, *m.* The works of the Creator are the final arbiters. That is, the Infinite Creator is the Supreme of the Supreme Judges, and the highest Arbitrator or Umpire of all umpires. He is, or ought to be, the final appeal in all discords, difficulties, doubts, disagreements and disputes. To this standard, as a *final* appeal, we must, perhaps through much suffering, come, and here we will all, sooner or later, "rest our case," lay down our dogmas, our prejudices, our preferences, and our creeds. Here we must all "bow." Here the final Judge of all things sits enthroned in Light Divine, and here will be an end of all surmises.

No. 13, *n.* 1. Fanatics and bigots cannot bring the Bible into court upon fair principles. They take it there prejudiced, condemned either to be an idol of religious fanaticism, or a criminal guilty of deeds of darkness; and to be crucified. Courts of law profess to act upon the proper principle of "judging every one *innocent* until he is proved to be *guilty*." Not set down as guilty because such and such have said so, and we believe it without proof. There is no man living, condemned as a criminal, who can prove himself to be innocent, because a negative cannot be proved. The religious bigot, on the one hand, claims implicit belief in the Bible, he knows not why, except that he thinks he believes it, when he knows little or nothing about it outside of the quotations sustaining his creed, picked up in special pleading for that purpose. The infidel bigot, on the other hand, demands the rejection of it, knowing about as much about it, as a "fly does of art, that lighting upon the dome of an edifice of superior skill, condemns the whole, because one little spot appears to be rough and disproportioned to his tiny, but micro-

scopic eyes." The experimental Christian alone knows, from interior perception, if from no other source, that it contains the words of comfort, consolation and life, of which no merciful man would wish to deprive the world.

2. The Bible must and will be brought to the final arbitration of Nature, before it can be fully seen to be a standard of truth, the palladium of justice and harmony. It is the scientific bent of the age, that requires its scientific admeasurement, and it will receive it, and when "weighed in the balance will not be found wanting." We have the standard yard in the measurement of spaces. By this other measures are tried, as the foot rule, the inch measure, and the barley corn. Here we have appealed to Nature to give us an integral, unchangeable measure; as, for instance, we appeal to the length of a pendulum that will swing seconds of time, to give us a standard of measure. How do we determine the length of the second, so as to ascertain the length of the yard? By the revolutions of the earth. Here we come to Nature again. How do we get a standard of weight? By dividing the weight of a cubic foot of pure water into one thousand parts, which gives us a standard ounce! So we have weights, and measures of lengths, from Nature as the final arbiter, and when we obtain, from the same competent umpire, the award, as to values, necessities, or rules of life, maxims of wisdom, and proper use of power, and live by it, we shall then have harmony, and not till then. We do not appeal to that which fanatics call Nature, for they call that Nature which agrees with their dogmas, and reject that which agrees not, for it is themselves which they hold up as standards, and not the works (words) of God. Let the Infinite be known by His works, or fruits, "for by their fruits shall ye know them." the Infinite and all his creatures included. We will not hold the Bible up as being above all the works of the Infinite, neither is it intended any particular part or portion of Nature separate from other parts, shall be held as alone perfect.

Nos. 14, 15, 16, *a.* We do not condemn the sale of books of philosophy, but the idea of making them the final arbiters between truth and error. They are aids, when men can get at and study them, because they lead to the understanding of the laws of Nature, or the works of the Infinite. But these books, even the best of them, are so imperfect, even in what they do profess to teach, unless it be books of the exact sciences, which are books of Nature, that they need a higher standard, or an arbiter among them. The mass of mankind will ever be in a wretched condition in respect to acquiring a truly rational education, unless there be some more convenient means of education than to learn the *science* of *science*, and to learn the *art* of *art*. One in ten thousand cannot become truly rational upon such conditions. Then those who insist upon Nature, without its parallel, abstract or epitome, (the Bible), are endeavoring to "lord it over God's heritage" themselves. This course cannot long be permitted to rule such as are willing to look higher and receive light "from above themselves, from whence all true knowledge, and every good and perfect gift comes down; yea, from the Father of lights, with whom there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning."

No. 19, *p.* 1. Material substances, either in or out of the bodies of men, have two laws of government, viz.: *Gravity*, which keeps them down upon the surface of the earth, unless removed from it by superior force, and *cohesion or affinity*, which keeps them in embodied forms, as well in blocks and rocks, as in men's bodies. These laws govern men's bodies, whether the soul or Spirit is in or out of them, whether they are by the Spirit power speaking and acting, or whether they lie in the coffin or in the grave.

2. The finest and best organized material substances are the human brains, yet so far are these material organisms from possessing any, or the least thought or volition, that they are perfectly unconscious of their own existences! Men never would, or could have known that such a thing as brains exist, had heads never been opened, so as to have subjected brains to the same kind of inspection to which trees, rocks, and all material things are subjected. It is precisely upon the same principles that the existence of brains is known, as that the existence of the mundane world, and the existence of the material bodies of men are known. This proves to every thinking mind, that the material bodies of men, in themselves, even their brains, have no powers but gravity and cohesion, which are alike common to other material forms, and nothing more. That we might just as well expect a rock to think, or a stone to will, or stocks of themselves to move, as to expect such functions to be exercised by the material bodies of men, that of themselves have not even the least consciousness of their own existence, more than have the stocks, stones and rocks of the earth. It is the indwelling Spirit that has the power, entertains the thought and projects the wills and produces the activities of men. None of these are from their bodies separate from their Spirits.

New-York, March 30th, 1854.

## Bible Influence.

Where is it that the arts, sciences and the means and modes of comfort extensively increase, but where Bible instruction exists? Where is it the blind are instructed, the deaf and dumb taught, the sick, the lame, the poor and the ignorant cared for on large scales, but within the light of the Bible? Where else has society taken in hand its own reform? Where are women respected and the rights of the oppressed classes defended, but where the Bible has done good work? Where do Spirits manifest themselves but under Bible influence? Where do the self-exalted champions of Infidelity receive their education and means of warfare, but under the blaze of that luminous but crucified book, to which they turned traitors? Answer us, ye who can, either to your own or the world's satisfaction.

DR. FRANKLIN'S ADVICE TO PAINE.—When Paine had written an infidel book, which was submitted to Dr. Franklin in manuscript, he returned it to the author with a letter, from which the following is extracted: "I would advise you not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?"

## SPIRITUAL TEACHINGS.

At a meeting of the Society on Sunday, May 14, after the reading of 1 Kings, 9: 1-10, a medium was impressed, and spoke as follows:—

Some Spirits now with us desire to speak through me, and say many things which will not only be new to some of you, but will seem strange at first; but they are satisfied that when you consider the words and their true meaning, you will come to the conclusion that the sentiments they contain accord with the teachings of God Himself, as evidenced in all His works. They tell me to say, further, that they have chosen me particularly to do this work, because I am young, and have never been engaged in such relations of life as would settle firmly my opinions on one side or the other; or rather, those relations are such as to enable me to stand aloof from contrary opinions, and accept such doctrines and such sentiments as my soul dictated, without being obliged to clear away an accumulation of rubbish to give it entrance. I never have been obliged to break away from old connections. My father and mother did not tell me to subscribe to any creed; they used to tell me, when we were sitting in the calm air of evening, that the stars and the wind could preach better sermons to me than men, and could tell me more of truth. My earthly father used to say that I need no more fear God than him; He would not injure me, He would not harm me except for my own good. When the Spirits came to me personally, and began to give communications from higher spheres, and let in new light concerning their own existence, I had no very thick veil to tear away, no iron bolts to break, in order to permit them to enter and do as they would. For reasons like these, some Spirits, who impress me as being in a high state of advancement, and filled with good and holy feelings, desire to speak through me, telling me that they can use my organs and my powers of thought, to express ideas which there are very few free enough to entertain, even for a moment. I do not like to talk thus; I never have talked thus to any one before. This I am permitted to say; I would rather leave myself out of these manifestations,—but to be an instrument merely. Such an explanation, perhaps, will make many things clear, and will explain the difference between communications which come through me, and those which come through other and older mediums who have, in their inmost souls, where sometimes they cannot discover its presence, remnants of old creeds and dogmas, sufficient to create discord—the old opinions and old theories inculcated during their childhood, which they cannot overcome, which God will not require them to cast w

They have not the power. They are in just sufficient strength to create discord, but not to speak for themselves. I have been told the opinion of men for many ages past; or rather I should say, their feelings have dictated a reverence for and a clinging to those precepts and doctrines inculcated into their youthful minds, while they sat upon their mother's knee. The office of a parent is a holy office to teach the child concerning God.

All the world has been wrong, and even parents' teachings have been affected by that wrong. All things external have been done contrary to the rules which should govern the internal and external worlds of man. And even the precepts dropping from the mother's lips have sometimes done wrong to the child. Even conscience has been perverted by the false institutions of external men, which have been twisted and turned, until false to the world, and false to the Creator who first instituted them. Now the principle of dependence is a high and holy principle. It is in accordance with the dictates of Nature; Nature and Nature's God, which you will, designed that the first truths which fall upon the infant soul should come from the mother's lips.

Spirituality is a new thing, and was a new thing eighteen hundred years ago; it always has been a new thing, when it has been found necessary for the powers from above to come down and to iterate and re-iterate the truth. When Christ came upon the earth, and spoke words dictated by powers higher than himself, those words and the sentiments they contained were taken, not as they should have been accepted, not as Christ and God and all the holy powers would wish they had been accepted. They were taken familiarly; as precepts which it would be well for men to say they believe in as creeds, and thereby inherit the kingdom of Heaven; but they were not accepted as rules of life, as directors of every thought and action. Taken falsely, they grew old in less than a hundred years. They have been growing older and older ever since. They have become musty and decrepid with age. They are now lying dead in the souls of men, and the souls of men have become charnel houses, where deceased doctrines and deceased principles are piled up in antique sarcophagi, and the truth has been scattered; the form, the ceremonies, the sarcophagi only remains as in the Pyramids—the dust scattered to the four winds of the desert. Now is a time when a revelation from Heaven is as much needed as at any time in this world's history. One, two, three, thirty, a hundred thousand years may have passed away, and the sun and moon and stars never looked down upon a world more corrupt and dead to truth, more filled with lies, than those planets shine upon this day.

Truth is not new. Truth came through Christ, and through the holy prophets. Truth has been descending upon the world in all ages of the past, and will in all ages to come. And in order that it may contain the freshness and vigor of youth, it will be necessary to throw aside all the bonds which have bound it; it will be necessary to present it in its pristine, ever vernal beauty, acceptable to the eyes and all the other senses. Show it to the world in its power and beauty, and the world will accept it for what it is. Wrap it round with shrouds in which men have been accustomed to find it, and they will not tear away the shrouds. Christ, in his teachings, used words new and fresh, and presented to the minds of men glorious and acceptable truths. Those words were a fitting vehicle in which to convey new, and brilliant, and beautiful truths.

But since Christ ceased to speak, men have raised themselves in pulpits all over christendom, and have repeated and re-repeated, a hundred thousand times, those words, grown old to-day, grown rusty now, become solidified instead of liquified by time, and are this very day but sarcophagi, in which the truth lies unseen and inextinguishable. Men, by be-

coming too familiar with high and holy, and with meek and lowly things, feel contempt for them, and require something that is new every day. They see within themselves that the fountain of truth, high up in heaven; cannot be exhausted; it must still be full. It is well for their inner souls to ask themselves this question, and it will be well for you to present the truth in a new garb; one that is bright, and pure, and fresh; one that will appear to the minds of men sweet *Spring* flowers, and appear to the eyes of men new blessings. Remind them that God is living, active now; remind them that He is ready, every day and every hour, to cast down upon them new mercies and blessings, thereby giving promise that He is also ready and willing to make their souls glad with the freshness of youth and happiness.

Such are one of the missions which you and others have; to clothe the truth in an independent garb; you have no use for the old raiment, but present it in a new, pure, white raiment, which shall gladden the eyes, gladden the souls of men.

You believe that Jesus Christ spoke truth. Well, Jesus Christ did speak truth. When he went forth to preach unto the people, they listened with awe and wonder to his words, and said, "this man must be from God, this man must BE a God, for never man spake as he speaks." Why was that, my friends? Why was it, but that Christ, feeling within himself the divine influx of truth from heaven, clothed that truth in a garment as new and full of life and beauty as the occupant itself? He used no hackneyed phrases; he called not upon old names to guide and guard him. He spoke the truth from God, and he knew that the truth would find a ready echo in the soul of every man. Now it stands for you to go forth and speak unto the people, and make them say in wonderment and awe, "these things must come from God, direct from heaven, for man never spake as ye speak."

## Philosophy.

Out of the womb of Nature is born Truth, of its father, Philosophy. It is the office of Philosophy to deduce thoughts from facts, and theories from thoughts; and if the chain of reason, of argument, of deduction, is welded according to the divine laws which govern both mind and matter, there is no power, either in the earth or in the heavens, which can rend that chain asunder. And it seems to us that all philosophical truths should be deduced immediately from Nature, and from no other source. As soon as that chain is abandoned, and Philosophy philosophizes upon merely Spiritual and mental questions—takes old sciences of mind first, and not as eliminated from the science of matter, and builds up theories, arguments, deductions, *Philosophy* has always lead inevitably toward discord and confusion.

It will soon be shown that it is the office of Philosophy to commence at the beginning of things, and to rise by easy gradations, from the lowest forms of matter to the highest science of mind. Everything in the Universe is created in circles. As the mist is exhaled from the ocean, rises in the atmosphere, is swept by the winds to the mountain-tops, descends again in rain, and from thence flows down through brooks and rivers to the sea again—so all things else, material and Spiritual, revolve in their fixed orbits, which are capable of being ascertained, which *Philosophy* can ascertain, if she will but take her proper place and not seek to run before she has learned to walk.

The philosopher who would follow the same course in thought which the Creator followed in deed when He made the world, should examine the crudest forms of matter. He should seek to find the lowest depth of matter, its most degraded form, and, ascending from thence, should endeavor to arise through all the steps—chaos, mineral, vegetable, animal, human, Spiritual, God-like. In each of those great stages, there will be many long and weary journeyings, but the true philosopher will follow out the right path; and as he rises from the lowest depths of material degradation up to the great Source, the Almighty, so he can descend again from that great Source to that lowest depth, making the work of science complete. And when sufficient light has descended from the spheres, and men have learned to think calmly, collectedly; when men have learned to curb their impatience, and to follow as they are led, not seeking to outrun their leader, then will true philosophers arise, who will start from the right point, pursue all the intricacies of Nature, up from her lowest forms to her highest eliminations—the Creator of all. And the books which he will study will not be books written by men, either from their own powers of mind or from the perfection of higher powers from Heaven. The books which he should read will be those written by God Himself. He will study the page that is open in the sky, and covered all over each night with letters of gold; he will study the page that is spread in green fields and on the mountain side and by the banks of the flowing river; and he will learn lessons from the tides of the ocean which cannot be false; and the theories which they erect will be true theories; true to the great system of the Universe, which is circular, which is spherical. That which connects God with the animalcule connects the animalcule with God.

There are many, very many mysteries, which it remains for the true philosopher to solve. The connection between mineral and vegetable life, between vegetable and animal, between the mere animal, the life of beasts and the souls of men,—the connection between the lives of men and the existence of immortal Spirits in Heaven, the connection between those Spirits and their God,—all these things, though men profess to understand them, are as yet hidden in apparently impenetrable darkness; impenetrable because the impatience of men will not permit them to tread the path which must be trodden, but induce them to overlook barriers, and leave things unknown behind them.

Some thousands of years ago men talked, and prated, and wrote books, and called themselves philosophers; and ever since, succeeding ages, looking backward always, have talked, and prated, and disputed about the books which their ancestors wrote, and continue to travel towards greater confusion, more utter discord, and more impenetrable darkness. It was because always they looked to men who had preceded them, and not to God, who *preceded their precedents*. Had they looked to Him, and listened to His voice, as it made











### A Dream.

BY W. J. WETMORE, M. P.

I dream'd last night of my early days,  
When life had not a care—  
The friends now sleeping in the tomb,  
I fancied all were there;  
We talk'd of scenes long past and gone—  
Scenes that were once so dear.  
It seem'd there had been no decay—  
'Twas childhood's happy year.

The merry laughter of the young—  
Each joyous sport and game—  
The lively joke, the merry song,  
And each familiar name:  
The grand old tree before the door,  
With broad and ample shade,  
Waved its strong branches to the breeze  
The same, still undecay'd.

And down upon the placid lake  
Rock'd many a rattle play—  
Around it many a ripple play'd—  
And hark! the rattle's note:  
The song that's heard in the trees—  
I heard the cooling dews,  
The breezes kiss'd my boyish brow—  
'Twas youth, and home, and love!

My father's voice was still so kind,  
As earnest as of yore;  
My mother sang the same sweet songs,  
I heard so oft before;  
And brothers, sister and dear friends,  
Our hearts beat high with mirth,  
And there we sat and talk'd as when  
Round boyhood's happy hearth.

Oh, why should sleep call up such scenes?  
Such pleasures of the heart?  
They only for a moment last—  
A meteor, quickly past.  
So, with the heart's own dream—  
A moment to us given;  
But when life's pilgrimage is done  
May we all meet in Heaven!

[From The Tribune.]

### A Country Home.

BY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Oh! give me a home, in the country wide,  
And a seat by the farmer's wood fire-side,  
Where the fire burns bright,  
On a frosty night.

Where the jest, and the song, and the laugh are free—  
Oh! the farmer's home is the home for me.  
Oh! give me a home in the country wide,  
When the earth comes out, as a blushing bride,  
With her buds and her flowers,  
In the bright spring hours.

Her bridal song ringing from fresh-leaved trees,  
And melody floats on the perfumed breeze.  
In summer, a seat in a shady nook,  
And close by the farmer's cooling brook,  
Where the violets grow,  
Or the pale swamp rose.

Faint and sick, with a feverish glow,  
Dips her fair feet in the cooling stream.  
Oh! give me a home in the country wide,  
In the golden days of the farmer's pride,  
When his barns are filled,  
From the fields and the mill.

And he feels that his yearly task is done,  
Smiling at winter, he beckons him on.

A SYNOPSIS OF

## THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF A MEDIUM.

On Saturday, 18th of October, 1851, being a guest at the Burnett House, in Cincinnati, Ohio, I observed the card of the Misses Fox hanging in the office, with notice that they were holding sittings in the house, with tickets for sale at the bar. I turned to Mr. Drake, the principal clerk, and said, "Are those Rochester-knocking girls here?" He said, "Yes." I purchased a ticket, and proceeded to their room. I was neither a believer nor disbeliever. I had opposed so many things that I thought impossible, such as mesmerism, phrenology, magnetic telegraphs, &c. &c., that were true, that I had become ashamed of myself, and determined to investigate before I would oppose any thing new again. I had found, by much experience, that a man is apt to think and speak none the worse on a subject, by knowing something about it.

I thus approached the table. There were ten in the circle, viz., Benjamin Urner, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Williams, James and Samuel Goodwin, all persons of high standing in the city, the two mediums, their mother, and one person I did not know, besides myself. The rappings instantly commenced, and Mr. Urner said to me, "Now ask if there are any Spirits present that will communicate with you." It was so new a position for me, having never so much as seen a circle or medium before, that I felt a great reluctance, and it took some persuasion by friends present, before I could consent to speak out in that manner, to—apparently nothing! At length I uttered the question distinctly, and the company were surprised at the number and variety of the raps that instantly followed! Those who had before been in circles, all agreed that I was surrounded by a host of Spirits, who wished to communicate with me. That matter seemed to be settled.

Margaretta Fox then told me to write my questions, or if I could concentrate my mind on questions, ask them mentally, informing me what would be yes, what no, &c., adding, that we do not want to know what you ask. You can "judge if the answers be correct." I liked that movement; I thought it seemed like fair play. I then asked: "Is the Spirit of my mother present?" Answer, "Yes." "Is the Spirit of my daughter Eliza present?" "Yes." I also asked mother several common-place questions, all of which were answered as I might have expected. I then said, "Mother, what age was my daughter Eliza, when she died?" The rappings then became regular, so that others present knew they were to be counted, and three persons counted them. I did not, for I knew not what it meant. When the rappings ceased, they said, "There were twenty-two raps; what was your question?" I said, I had asked the age of my daughter at her death. "Well," said one of the company, was "twenty-two right?" I said, "It was, counting one rap for each year, for she was within a month of twenty-two when she died."

"Mother, what was your age when you died?" To this she distinctly and unequivocally gave ninety-seven, which was her age at death, within three months!! I then asked her several more questions, and all the time from the commencement, I felt something striking my knee, as if it were a ball of wool. I thought it queer, but was determined not to let the circle know what was going on. I could hold my face straight amid the most exciting circumstances, and did then, I know, but I peeped several times under the table, to see if it could be any person doing it. I found it was not done by mortal hands, but was determined to keep it to myself. The raps on my knee were about a second apart, or sixty per minute. There then came some raps on the table I did not understand, when one of the mediums said, "the alphabet is called for." They then began and called over the alphabet, and three wrote down the letters as they were given by the Spirit, until letter by letter, this sentence was spelled out—

"Why don't you tell?" "Tell what?" said one in the circle, I forget which. The calling of the alphabet proceeded as before, until this sentence was given, "The knocking on your knee?"

I tell you I was astonished, and all the company looked amazed, and stared at me, and some one asked—

"Did you feel a knocking on your knee?" I said, "I must confess I did, but intended that you should know nothing of it!"

"Which knee?" said one of the circle. The alphabet proceeded, until this sentence was given by the raps, "The right knee!"

One of the company asked me "If that was so?" I said, "It was the right knee the knocking was upon." I was tied as to opposition.

There was much more given me very conclusive of the presence of invisible intelligences during that evening, and Monday evening following, among which was, *I was slipped or shod, I presume a dozen times distinctly upon the floor with the chair upon which I was sitting, without the touch of any visible agency!* I became convinced of the reality of the manifestation of Spirits, for I thought then, and still think, no sensible man could avoid conviction amid proof so conclusive.

I attended none of the circles after that, for being a civil engineer by profession, and having several public works under my charge in course of construction, I could not attend to their circles, nor to the general subject, for several months. I finished off several of the works I had in charge during the fall, and remained at Cincinnati most of the winter following. On January 23d, 1852, I felt a great anxiety to see Miss Wells, a writing medium, perform at a circle to be held at O. Lovel's, in Sixth-st., that evening. I attended without the least expectation of getting a manifestation. I did not expect to ask for one. My attention was drawn to Miss Wells' writing in the magnetic state, when all of a sudden Mrs. Eliza Lovel, with her face toward me, (she having gone into the clairvoyant state unobserved by me, which state I had never witnessed) exclaimed—

"O, if there ain't Eliza! It has been so long since I saw her! how pretty she looks! O, I am so glad to see her!"

The two Elizas were intimate on earth. I was surprised, but asked, "Is it my daughter Eliza, you speak of?"

"Yes; she is very near you, and another of your daughters."

"Is it Mary Louisa?" "Yes. Eliza says she wishes to communicate with you, but would rather not to a circle. It is about family matters; she is so near you, she must be your guardian Spirit."

From that moment I felt great anxiety that my lovely angel daughter should have the desired opportunity of communicating with me; she was counted an angel on earth! I tried many mediums and circles, but without effect, until on Saturday afternoon, February 14, passing down the east side of Vine, near Sixth-st., very pensively, as usual then, when all of a sudden I was impelled to go into the house of Wm. N. Cammack, whose lady I had seen but twice. She came into the parlor on the ringing of the bell, and we commenced conversation. I felt as if I wished to tell her my anxiety to give my daughter a chance of communicating. I had no thought that she was a medium, and commenced to tell her that a daughter of mine wished to communicate with me, when the lady, who had just two or three days before become a medium, was instantly agitated and jumped up and ran to a table on which lay a pencil and paper, and wrote, "I am here, dear father."

I was again astonished, not only at the providence that brought me there, but at Mrs. Cammack being a medium. I asked—

"Does my daughter wish to communicate through you?"

"She says she does." I took paper and pencil and wrote a question, or rather a short address, to Eliza, which the medium refused to see, but suddenly turned the paper over, and wrote Eliza's answer on the back! She had never known my daughter. When she had done the answer, she said to me—

"Your daughter tells me to sign her name, Eliza W. —. Was that her name?"

"No," I answered; "her name was Eliza W. Ayres."

"Well," she says, "I must write it Eliza W. —." Said I, "That was her maiden name; but she was married to John W. Ayres."

I afterwards told the paper and wrote, "Dear daughter, why do you sign your name Eliza W. —." The medium wrote, "My name is Eliza W. — here."

I then wrote, "Were not you and William conjugally united?" The medium wrote, "No, no, we were not." She died October 21, 1846; and he, October 6, 1847!

The fact of the questions being written on one side of the paper, and the medium writing on the other, without very attentively looking at what she had written, being likely to create difficulty in copying, I took a separate piece of paper and table, on which to write questions, so that she might proceed regularly with the answers. These communications proceeded several days, about an hour each day, and were of the most satisfactory kind.

At the same time, Eliza began at night to talk to me, to touch me, &c.: to manifest herself on my hands, lips, &c.: and to confirm me that it was she, through the medium, next day! She told me to take a book I had, and copy in it all the communications with pen and ink.

It was but a few days before she began to write through me, herself. This faculty increased. We could hold conversations. I would speak as from my head down; and she, as if from my breast! I have heard her audibly speak in my chest, and thousands of times have I felt her manifesting herself there, by rappings and movements of different kinds!

She told me, among the first things, that she could not teach me all I wished to know, but others would. She afterwards, through the medium, communicated with me, and signed the piece thus: "Eliza, and many others you shall know in time." This has all been verified. There is a society of angels that communicates with us, several of whom I have seen.

On the first day, she told me I would be a writing medium—and so she made me one. I had seen her before she manifested herself on the 23d of January, through Mrs. E. Lovel, but did not know it was she, having no thought of her, and the appearance being momentary. I have seen her six or eight times since!

On going to bed on February 22d, I asked her for a manifestation that night, and she promised to give me one. During the night, she awoke me, by saying, as loud as common conversation, "This is the only kind of manifestation I can give you this evening," when lo! before my eyes, in the darkness of night, was written, in plain white writing, many lines! I commenced to read it, which I did very easily; but I had forgot all but the last paragraph, before I recorded it. The last paragraph was this—

"Dear Father: You have resisted the influences of the world well; but there is more caution necessary when you are in company with others."

"Your Eliza." I saw the last written as I read it, and what seemed remarkable, "Eliza" was written before "your," in time, but after it in position; and "your" was written after, in time, and first in position, as it stands. I have seen Spiritual writings hundreds of times since, but have not been able to read much of them. I was sure Eliza had made a mistake in saying "this evening," as she had done not more than fifteen or twenty minutes before, for I believed it was after midnight. I got out of

bed, struck a light, and sure enough, it was twenty minutes past one in the morning! This excessively bothered or perplexed me, until Eliza, I presume, thought I had been enough perplexed with it, when she said, "In this world, all night is called evening, and all day, morning—so that an evening and a morning make a whole day;" and I joyfully accepted the explanation.

The above was written in milk-white letters, in the blackness of darkness. During the same morning, I saw twenty lines of most beautiful poetry, spaced into four-line stanzas, written in black and beautiful letters, upon a ground of pale orange-colored light. I did not read this then, but have since been told what they were. All the Spiritual manuscript and printing I have seen since, have, I believe, been black, on white, blue or red ground.

I afterwards read the account of these visions to the medium, merely as a matter of information to her, when Eliza had her to write as I read, confirming my account of it, and telling how it was. I was glad of this, although I did not anticipate it.

On March 7, I visited Mrs. Poor, a clairvoyant, at Utopia, forty-three miles above Cincinnati. She saw Eliza, and described her well, though she had never seen nor heard of her before! Eliza communicated but little through her, except to send me back to Mrs. Cammack, for more confirming communications.

One peculiarity in these incipient manifestations, as confirmation, was, that Eliza had me to write from her, with red ink, and from myself with black, constantly about 600 pages! I kept two pens and inks constantly on hand. I could not touch the paper a pen with the wrong ink in it, without great effort! This may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, and was very useful before I was fully habituated to the condition of a medium. It was a physical proof to me of what was from her, and what from myself; and was very serviceable, as much of what I wrote was dialogue between her and myself, as it is now between other mediums and myself. After I became better established in my mediumship, she told me to dispense with the trouble of using red ink, excepting when I might be impressed to transcribe portions from the Word of the Lord; in which case, I still am impressed to use red ink! My monitors are great lovers of the Lord and His Word, and wish to do Him honor.

During the fore part of my mediumship, I received many letters written through other mediums, from the Spirits of deceased acquaintances, confirming my condition, and congratulatory of my becoming a medium. Two of these deceased acquaintances were the Revs. Alexander Kimmont and James H. Perkins, for whom I entertained the highest respect during their useful lives. The style, diction, language, matter and manner of these letters, were almost as much like them, as they could have written while in the body. Their earthly acquaintances will have each an opportunity of judging of this, if what I have written should be published while they live on earth. I have not even a guess at the time of their publication.

The next confirming fact (among many others of almost every day's occurrence), I shall mention, is as follows: On the 28th of March, 1852—it being Sunday—Eliza impressed me to write out a notation concerning manifestations and the condition of mediums—in length, five pages—and take it with me to Maj. Daniel Gano's.

In that communication she mentioned distinctly the existence of a society for whom she communicated. Mr. Gano I knew intimately, to be a man of wealth and standing, and always as clerk of court. Being much away professionally engaged, I was scarcely aware of his being a Spiritualist; but was determined to obey the monition. On my way to his house, I was told that a circle met there, the first I knew of that. On my arrival the circle was sitting, and Mr. Gano asked, as he told me, if the manifestation of my daughter I had brought with me, should be read to the circle; response in the affirmative. I was introduced into the room, and began to read. Nearly opposite to me sat an elderly lady, apparently asleep. When I began to read, she began to affirm to the truth of what I read. I was surprised at this, when Major Gano said she was in the *eleated* state. I was so green then, as not to understand the term, for I knew not that she was a medium. I had seen her once, and but once in my life to know it. It was a Mrs. Price, a clairvoyant medium, from sixty to seventy years of age, I suppose.

I kept reading and she confirming the truth of what was read, until I closed, when she immediately said, "I see your daughter, she is near you, and at a little distance stands a company of Spirits, the society she mentions, from whom she communicates. In that society I see Swendborg, Perkins and Kimmont. There are many others that I do not know. They stand together enveloped in a sphere of light. That sphere of light converges towards Eliza, and becomes a stream of light proceeding to her. From her to you proceeds a stream of light, to show how the communication is effected. That light flowing from her, envelopes you, and crowns your head with brightness. She is very pure, and very near you. She is impressing you now; what does she say?"

I felt the impression forcibly, and these words flowed, as from an elevated pressure, water flows. "She impresses me to say, this is the beginning of the complete and universal fulfillment of the prophecy, when it will be no more necessary for a man to say to his neighbor, 'know the Lord,' for all shall know Him from the least to the greatest."

"What is her personal appearance?"

"She is a small, spare, delicate woman, clothed in a cloud of light clear blue. Her forehead finely developed; her eyebrows distinct and finely arched. They are black, as is her hair, which flows in curled ringlets down over her shoulders; she has a bright smiling countenance, and beautiful blue eyes. She says she is the only one that impresses you. That she is taught what to say by that society. That she is not capable of teaching you herself. That she is always with you, day and night, and watches you while you sleep."

As to her vesture and personal appearance, so I have seen her myself, and as to what she told the clairvoyant, she has told to myself often. How unwise it would be for two persons as old as Mrs. Price and I are, to tell as true what we had not good evidence was true? We were then both over sixty years of age, and very near our final reckoning, according to the course of Nature. What is remarkable, Mrs. Price neither saw me, nor knew who I was, that I knew of when these things took place. Are they not very remarkable as proof?

I feel very little like censuring others, who after proper care in investigations, cannot believe fully in Spiritual manifestations, because I was and still am one of the distrustful. As O. S. Fowler, who examined my head, said of me, it really seems that I cannot believe anything short of positive demonstration. I was soon convinced of the truth of the general subject, and never since doubted that, for my Spiritual friends, knowing I presume, what a person they had to deal with, took firm holds and gave me no chance of doubting, as has before been

stated. But to believe that I was a medium, was quite another affair. I could not at times believe I was worthy to be so used. I have often been ashamed of my doubts in this matter, and have much supplicated the Lord for relief, and have felt sure that if I were a medium, I was losing it. O shame!

[To be continued.]

[From the Flag of Our Union.]

### Summer is Coming.

BY J. K. PIERCE.

The summer is coming—and with a glad shout  
All Nature is hanging her drapery out.  
The forest and valley, the mountain and hill,  
Are smiling in court wither and rill.  
The bird in the tree-top, its mate in the glen,  
And the winter-bird of spirits of wearied men,  
Are rejoicing in coming summer's day,  
As it throws its rich mantle of color and gay.

Summer is coming—and winter is o'er;  
The voices of Nature, awakened once more,  
In a murmuring strain of sweet harmony blend.  
And upwards from earth a rich orison send.  
The murmur of breezes, the songsters' wild notes,  
The hum of gay insects, which on the air float,  
And the voices of rills that leap everywhere,  
Make vocal with music the earth and the air.

A Omening Sonambulist.

A Paris paper relates that an ex-jeweler and an amateur of magnetism, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in a suburban village at Passy, was lately visited by a young sonambulist, calling himself a painter by profession, and who assured him that he had the happiest natural dispositions for the sciences of the famous Mesmer; when under the influence of a magnetic fit he could see like a cat in the dark, and that in that state it frequently occurred to him to commence and finish a painting in a single sitting. The delighted magnetizer opened his eyes to their full extent, and appointed the next day for the young stranger to come to his house at Passy, and "give a taste of his quality" in the united capacities of sonambulist and painter. Punctual to the hour, the young man arrived with his canvas, pallet and brushes, and was ushered into the amateur's private cabinet, from which every ray of light was carefully excluded, to facilitate the scientific purposes for which it was destined. The painter had stipulated, that when the fit was on him he should be left completely alone in the cabinet, as on such occasions the presence of another person invariably disturbed his attention and detracted from the merits of his performance as a limner. The necessary disposition having been made, and the fit of sonambulist having been produced to the artist's complete satisfaction, the latter, according to his convention, quitted the cabinet, and turned the key upon the sleeper, left him undisturbed to his operations.

At the expiration of an hour, the amateur magnetizer returned, and was met at the door of the cabinet by the young man, who was now perfectly awake, and displayed to his delighted view an exquisitely painted landscape, the product of his ecstatic fit! After making a present of this charming production to his delighted host, the young sonambulist took his leave, with a promise to return the next day and repeat the experiment that had been crowned with such complete success. Some three quarters of an hour afterward, the jeweler had some business in his cabinet, into which he admitted a little light, and to his utter stupefaction, found that the lock of his secret had been forced open, and that two thousand and fifty hundred francs, in silver and bank notes, and other objects of value, were abstracted from the drawers by the clear-sighted sonambulist. He had brought a painting with him, covered with a couche of white lead, over which, when left to himself, he had passed a wet sponge—an expedient to which a large white spot on the floor bore ample testimony.

The police were immediately informed of the circumstances of the robbery, the perpetrator of which, however, has for the present baffled their pursuit.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.—The Rev. Dr. Hawks recently delivered a lecture before the Historical Society of this city, when he related the following story, illustrative of female heroism:—

"Among those who formed a part of the settlement during the revolutionary struggle, was a poor widow, who, having buried her husband, was left in poverty, with the task upon her hands of raising three sons. Of these, the two eldest, ere long, fell in the cause of their country, and she struggled on with the youngest as best she could. After the fall of Charleston, and the disastrous defeat of Col. Buford, of the State of Virginia, by Tarleton, permission was given to some four or five American families to carry necessities and provisions, and administer some relief to the prisoners on board the prison ship and in the jails at Charleston. This widow was one of the volunteers upon this errand of mercy. She was admitted within the city, and bravely the horrors of pestilence, employed herself to the extent of her humble means in alleviating the deplorable sufferings of her countrymen. She knew what she had to encounter; but, notwithstanding, went bravely on. Her mission of humanity having been fulfilled, she left Charleston on her return—but alas! her exposure to the pestilential atmosphere she had been obliged to breathe, had planted in her system the seeds of fatal disease; and ere she reached her home, she sank under an attack of prison fever, a brave martyr to the cause of humanity and patriotism. The dying mother, who now rests in an unknown grave, thus left her only son, the sole survivor of his family, to the world's charity; but little did she dream, as death closed her eyes, the future of that orphan boy. The son became President of this free Republic—for that widow was the mother of Andrew Jackson."

### Crime Will Out.

The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is wide of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of the partridge, and fox, and squirrel, and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of Nature—water, snow, wind, gravitation—become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you will be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; he is as the royal armies get against Napoleon, when he approached, cast down their colors, and from enemies become friends, so disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offence, poverty, prove benefactors:—

"Winds blow and waters roll,  
Strength to the brave, and power and delly,  
Yet to themselves are nothing."  
[B. W. Emerson.]

FINDING A WAY OUT.—Few of our cavalry officers would be stopped by a fence; but for this they are not indebted to what they learn in the riding school, but to their being accustomed to ride across the country. All foreign cavalry practice at the jumping bar, yet their officers, when they meet with a wall or gate, are pumdered by a very amusing instance of this. During some manoeuvres in Italy, an Austrian General with his staff, got amongst some enclosures, and not wishing to ride back, sent some of his aides-de-camp to look for an opening. An Englishman in the imperial service, mounted on a good English horse, formed part of the staff, and the General, turning to him, said, "Mr. W., kindly see if you can find the way out of this place." Mr. W., a Yorkshire man, and a good rider, went straight at the wall, cleared it, and while doing so, turned in his saddle, and touching his cap said, "This way, sir." I need not add, that his way did not quite suit the remainder of the party.—*Vol. 1. Cavalry Remount Horse.*

FALLACY OF AN OLD AXIOM.—To say, "as different as chalk is from cheese." When we consider that cheese is made from milk, and milk is made from chalk, there is no great difference after all.—*Punch.*

### Broadway.

What a tame world this would be, were all faces, characters, tastes, talents, alike! How narrow would be the range of human experience; and how soon would the meagre lessons of the world be learned! The plan of Providence is far wiser than ours might have been. As it is, ten thousand principles and truths are each illustrated in ten thousand exhibitions of human life.

This scene of existence is everywhere a moral kaleidoscope, but nowhere is it so much so as in cosmopolitan, changeful New-York city. London may boast a Hyde Park, Paris her Boulevards, Naples her Strada di Toledo, but where among the cities of the Old World is to be found so incongruous a mass, such contradictory specimens of humanity, such whimsical exhibitions of original character, of new opinions, of enterprise, great and small, and such ludicrous and mournful contrasts as flash upon one at every step along the American promenade? Broadway.

From Grace to Trinity, are a succession of out-thrust novelties and enticements that defy the competition of a supernatural ingenuity. Here a flag, picturing a veritable Judy, fluttering back and forth in the breeze, and there a rude representation of a drollish dwarf is pinned to a stone wall. Upon one side of the Babel street swings the pendulum of a four-story clock, and upon the other ticks a microscopic watch half buried in pink cotton. Upon one corner rises a many-colored building, sheeted one day with comic scenes, the next with human woes, and the next with paintings of green geese and Shanghai, while the face of a santon church, and resound over the graves of the mouldering dead. Now the eye falls upon a hatter's window, fierce with a stuffed tiger or bear, and in another moment it is gazing at a whirling wax figure clad in fashionable morning.

Close by is a display of elegant millinery, feathers and tinsel, and beyond is an Egyptian museum, where the work-baskets, false braids, and brodered slippers of those who dwell upon the earth three thousand years ago, are left for us to speculate upon. Gold rings that pressed the royal fingers of Pharaoh, and the crowns that encircled proud brows, remain there, in mockery of the glittering gems and costly settings that shine only for the rich, in the jewel and gold-laden shops below. Mummies are there, too, robbed of their human vanities; shrivelled skeletons wound in shreds of their boasted fine linen. They stand dumb and solemn in their carved coffins, like Spirits of darkness returned to warn their human brothers. In defiance of the lesson, woman after woman trips gaily from her damask-lined carriage to the counters of India silks and French embroideries, while her worse half delves in the learning of a heraldry office for a coat-of-arms, forgetting that the American wheel of fortune is always revolving, and that a poor cousin may claim the same blazonry for his oyster-cart.

Over the Russian pavement rolls the ponderous democratic omnibus after its jaded horses; beside it glides a quick-footed trotter with a spider-web sulky; next comes a rag-cart, and closely following are a pair of well-groomed steeds, driven by a white-gloved coachman, and beside him sits a footman attendant in cocked hat. Within the burnished coach rolls an imaginary princess in ermine and velvet, the envy of the passing dyes, and the awe of the beggar street-sweepers. Now an immense triumphal car, with flags, streamers, and wreaths, or a military company with plumes and music, passes by; and next comes a slow train of mourning, with hearse and muffled drum. So tears are always chasing after snuffs.

Along the dusty pavement streams a busy host. The eye in vain attempts to fix upon the fitting faces. The passing glimpse and the sudden transition from a fair to a shrivelled face, from a laughing to a frowning one, from heavy to pinched features, suggest the comical goggle-percha heads which may be made to assume every imaginable expression in as many seconds; or torments one with the notion that he sees his own face distorted in a succession of convex mirrors. A pale being, with sunken cheeks, follows close behind a portly, round-faced man, and a harassed, miserly countenance comes next, and a broad, benevolent, Quaker face, a long nose, a short eye, goggle eyes, and eyes hidden under lowering brows, like Cupid's bow, and mouths of extraordinary dimensions, chase one another with dizzy rapidity. A hunchback and a giant walk in close contrast. A girl, fair as a Circassian, next a negress, black as night; a Canadian with his broad, English face, and close fur wrappings, and beside him, a Chinese in flowing robes; a fair woman, in trailing brocade, and a Bloomer, whose drapery seems to touch the pavement; a dandy, on ghost-like stilts, his fists lost in rosy sleeves, and a beggar in rags, are all in a moment daguerreotypied for the memory. Then the eye falls upon a babe in a long, embroidered cloak, in the arms of a nursery-maid. At her side a young urchin runs along with bare knees, while his head and face are lost in fur and feathers. Poor little victim of dition! Then comes a Fourcure, or a Hydropathist, with long, uncured beard; then an Indian, minus that long, uncured beard; a country belle gazes at the passing crowd, and tries to know the fashions, and perhaps is unfortunately lectured by a richly-dressed, unfortunate. At the corner stands a group of bewildered Dutch emigrants, in wooden shoes and wide-bordered caps, boneless, moneyless, and homeless. A sweet bride and her happy groom, a widow in weeds, hurry past. Then comes a pale student, and beside him a brainless millionaire, and a fair heiress, whose books and learning were left at boarding-school. She spurns the shabby poet, or artist, and never dreams or cares to know that the elder-nest of the mountain has been robbed for her boy. The desert of Africa have contributed her plumes, that the jungles of Hindostan or India have been rifled for her fan, that the bed of the ocean has been disturbed for her pearls, that the earth has been searched for her gold and gems, or that the tears of an emigrant girl are interwoven in the exquisite tracery of her bodice, and that its fine-wrought work is all the toller blind. She sees nothing from the windows of her castle, but wealth and luxury, and envious or adulatory glances. Thus they hurry on, day by day, the rich and poor, the wise and the foolish, the miserable and the happy, the pure and the vile—scarcely thinking they shall all be swept away in half a century, and no more missed than the silent crowds who now people the cities of the dead.

Broadway is an illustrated volume which "he who runs may read." We call it "school" when children are gathered together to con text-books, or opinion, or when they are tried by affliction. We forget that we are always at school in this world—even when sauntering along the street, and gazing at the myriad of objects, animate and inanimate, which surround us. This world of Nature and of man is a great picture-book, for amusement and of life, but to be used as an illuminator, a prophet of truth. As in painted primers, beneath a picture of a purple-robed man in a yellow chariot, the letter "C" stands for Cressus, who was rich in gold, so in the painted book of life, every Cressus has his self, and every man, and every thing, stands for some good or bright reality, some eternal verity.

OPPOSITION.—A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Opposition is what he wants, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing strips himself in the sunshine, lays down by the wayside, to be overlooked and forgotten. He who braves himself to the struggle when the wind blows, may fall asleep in the stillness that follows.—*John Neal.*

SPACIOUS CHURCH.—The largest church in Europe is at St. Petersburg. It was begun in 1771, and in twenty years two thousand men had not finished the walls. It is of polished marble, both outside and in, the pillars are of piece, fifty feet high; the base and capitals of solid silver; but the greatest curiosity of all was a wooden box constructed to cover it from the weather.

The mind that is cheerful in its present state, will be averse to all solicitude as to the future, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life with a smile.—*Borace.*

### Farewell, Life.

BY THOMAS HODG.

Farewell, Life! Thy senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim;  
Thou art the shadow of a light,  
Like the advent of the night;  
Cold, cold, cold a vapour,  
Upwards starts a vapour,  
Strong the earth's odor grows,  
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, Life! The Spirit strives!  
Strength returns, and hope revives;  
Cloudy fears and shapers form,  
Fly like shadows at the morn;  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;  
Shout the earth's odor grows,  
Warm perfume for vapor cold,  
I smell the rose above the mould!

### New Discoveries.

It is both interesting and suggestive of profitable thoughts—thoughts that bring into view the overruling Providence, and get glimpses, at least, of higher laws affecting human progress, to observe how, just at the moment, as it were, when some needed agent or help to civilization seems to be failing, invention or discovery comes to relieve the difficulty, and prevent the impending loss. This fact is illustrated in numerous instances,—such as the finding of coal, when the necessities were beginning to be entertained of the deficiency of wood for fuel,—or the opening of gold mines to meet the exigencies of extended commerce,—or the operations of steam, and the facilities for international communication, bringing vast extents of territory easily into one nationality, and under one general government,—and so on. We have just met with another illustration of the truth referred to. Serious anxiety has begun to be felt, lest it should be impossible to get timber of the requisite curvatures for ship-building; but this anxiety may now be dismissed, if it be true, as stated, that by the application of steam and machinery, the largest straight sticks can be bent to any shape,—the force being applied at the ends; thus increasing, rather than lessening the texture, and making the wood stronger than when the natural growth is used. An establishment for this purpose has commenced operations in or near New-York, and already results have been